(U88) 1—

BOUND BY RIVIERE & SON

NANCY

or

The Parting Lovers.

A Musical Interlude

As Performed at ye Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden.

With its Symphonies and Basses & the Song Part throughout (where not in Compass) seperately transpos'd for the German and Common Flute.

The Words & Musick by Mr. Carey.

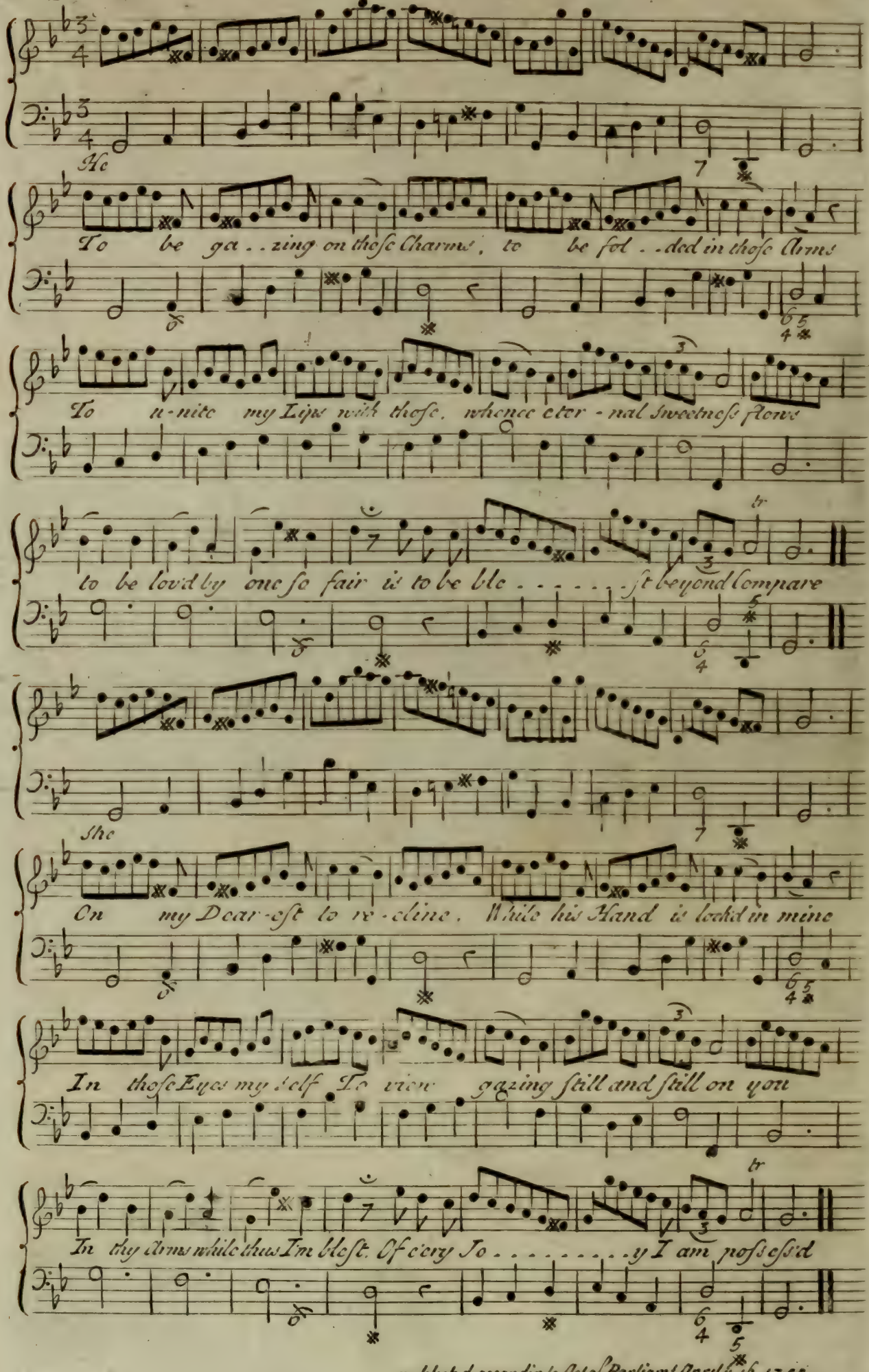
LONDON.

Printed for the Author, and Sold at the Musick Shops, and at the Theatre. also by Mr Leake at Bath

Price One Shilling.

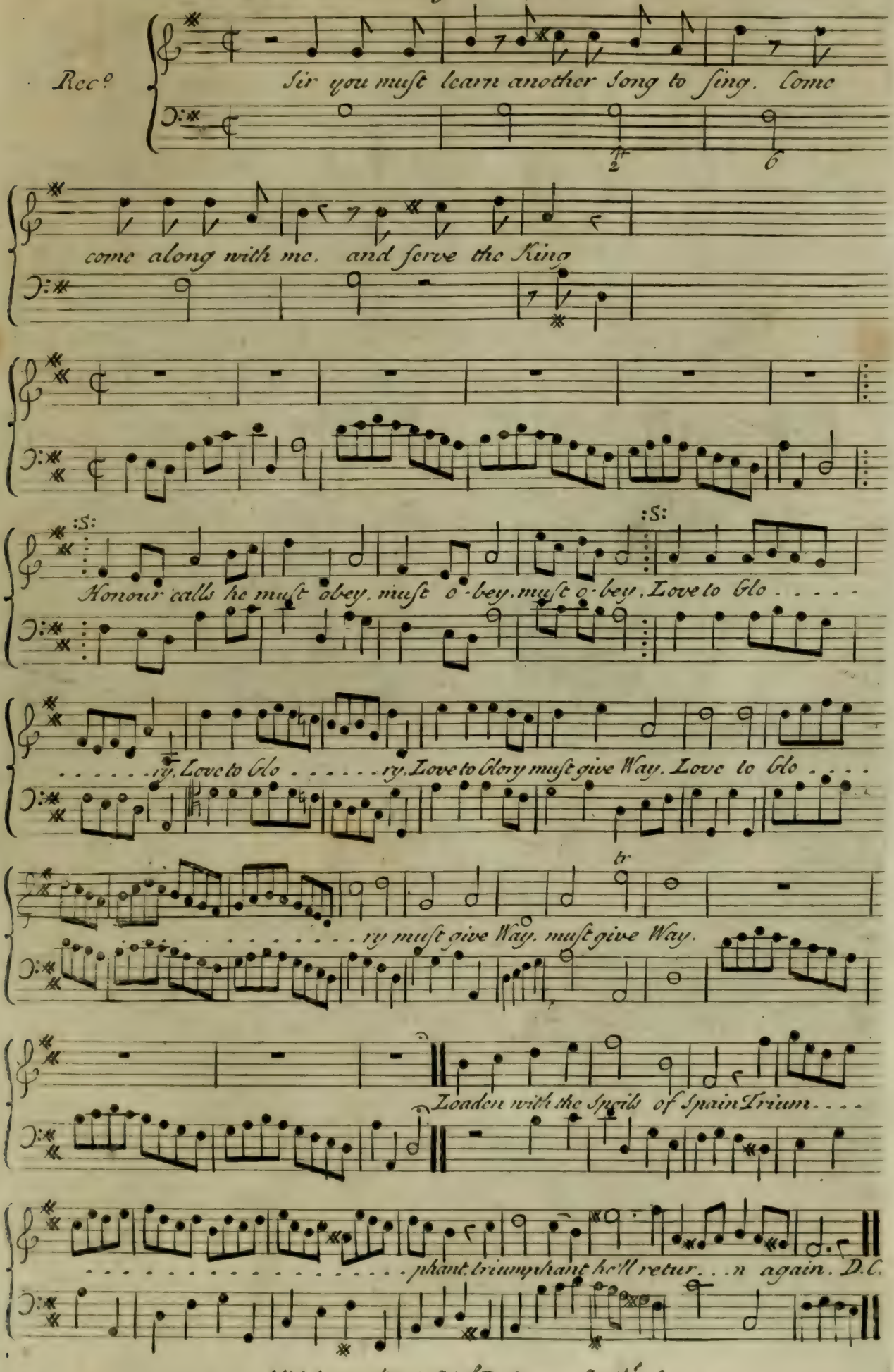
True-Blue and Nancy.

Sung by Mr. Salway & Mrs. Lampe at ye Theatre Royal Covt. Garden.


He
To be ga..zing on these Charms, to be fol..ded in those Arms
To u-nite my Lips with those, whence eter-nal Sweetness flows
to be lovd by one so fair is to be ble.....st beyond compare
She
On my Dear-est to re-cline, While his Hand is lockt in mine
In those Eyes my Self To view gazing still and still on you
In thy Arms while thus Im blest. Of every Joy I am possessd

published accordin to Act of Parliamt April ye 16 1740

Dreadnought. Sung by Mr. Laguerre in Nancy or ye Parting Lovers. At the Theatre Royal Covt. Garden.


Recto
Sir you must learn another Song to sing. Come
come along with me. and serve the King
Honour calls he must obey, must o-bey, must o-bey, Love to Glo . . . . .
. . . . . ry, Love to Glo . . . . . ry, Love to Glory must give Way. Love to Glo . . . .
. . . . . ry must give Way, must give Way.
Loaden with the Spoils of Spain Trium . . . .
. . . . . phant triumphant he'll retur . . n again. D.C.

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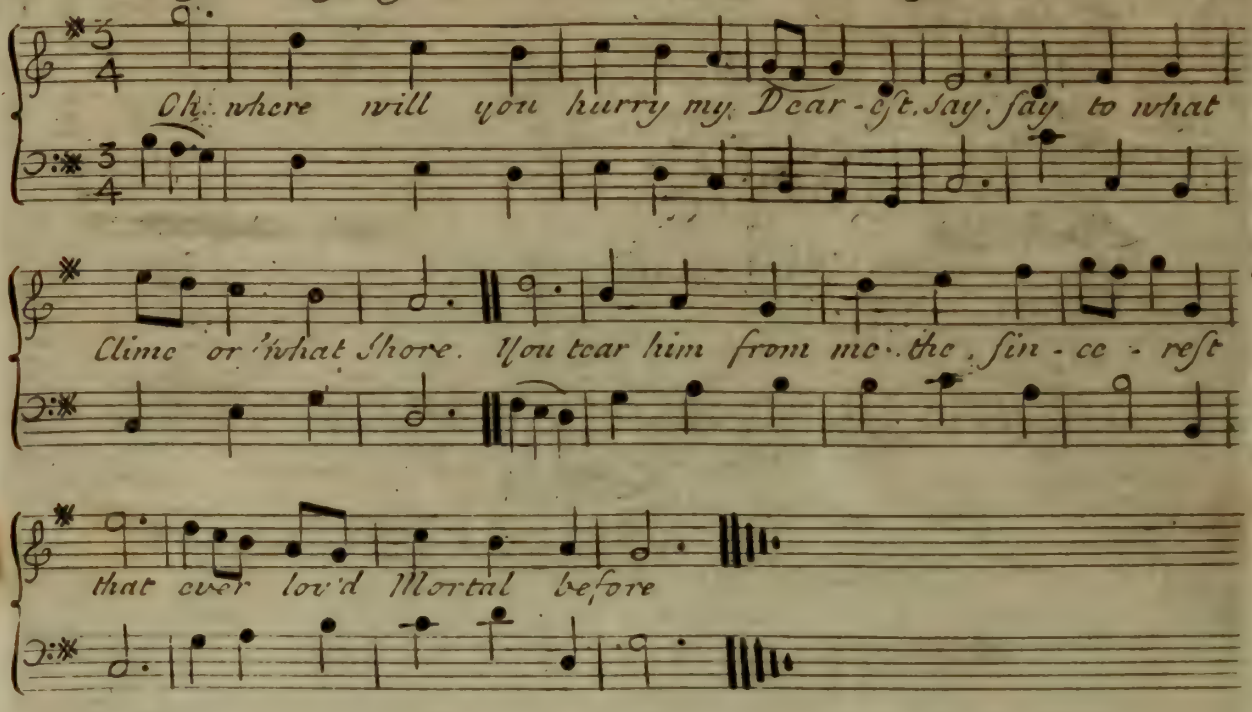
Nancy. Sung by Mrs Lampe in ye Parting Lovers.


Oh! where will you hurry my Dear-est. say. say to what
Clime or what Shore. You tear him from me the sin-ce-rest
that ever lov'd Mortal before

2

Ah Cruel hard hearted to press him.
And force the dear Youth from my Arms.
Restore him that I may caress him.
And shield him from future Alarms.

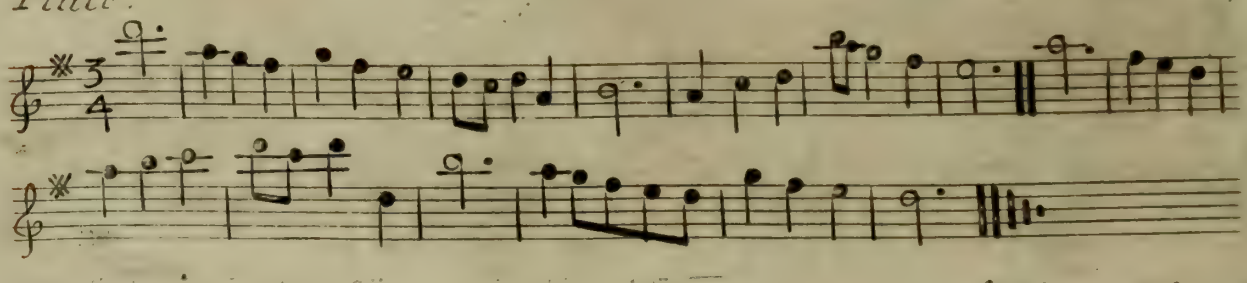
3

In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff at my Woes:
You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me,
I'll follow where ever he goes.

4

Think not of the merciless Ocean
My Soul any Terrour can have.
For soon as the Ship makes its Motion,
So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

Flute.



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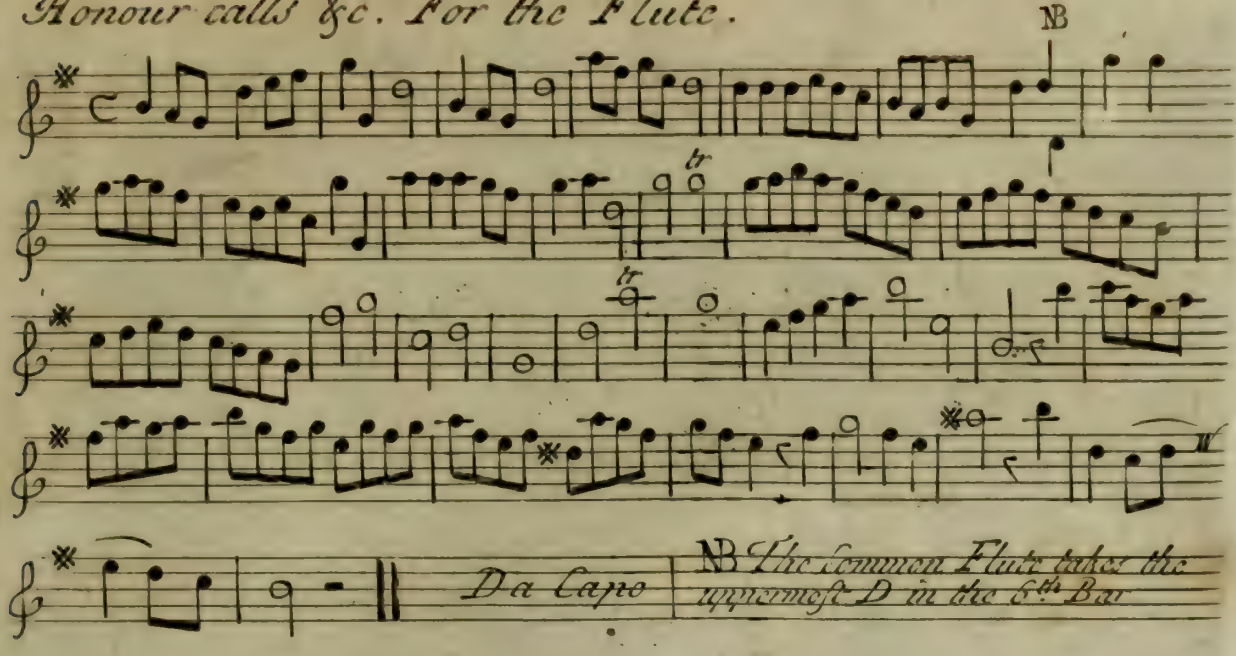
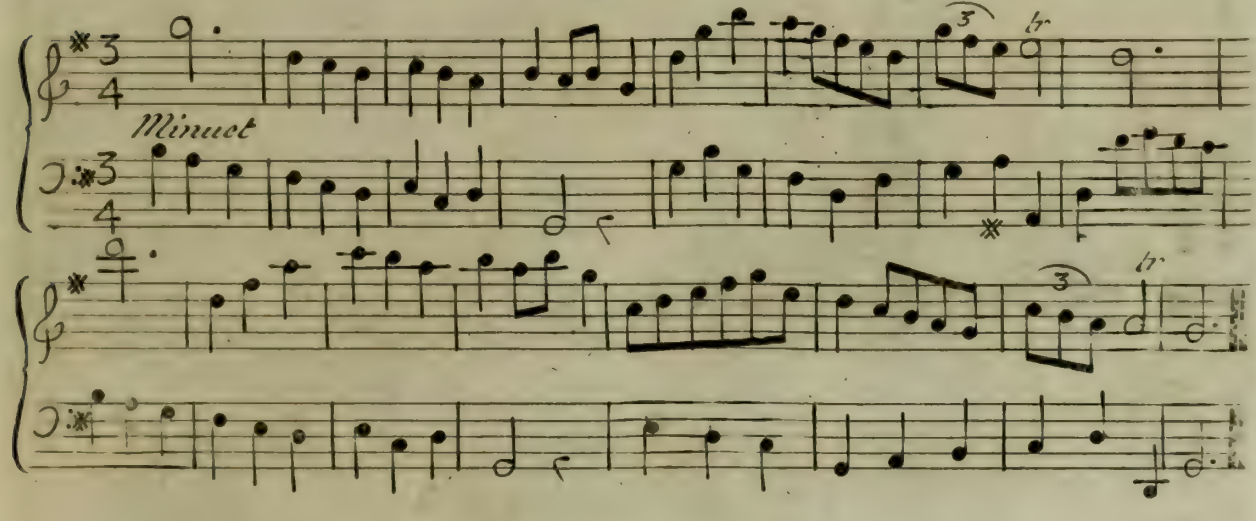
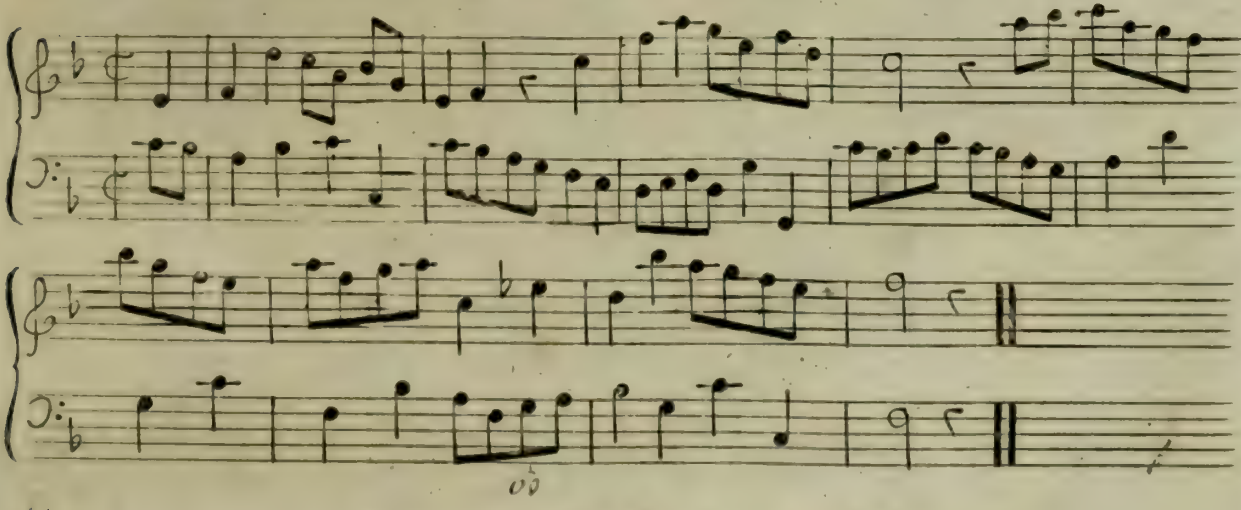
Honour calls &c. For the Flute.



Symphony to Oh! where will you hurry my Dearest.



Symphony to And canst thou leave thy Nancy



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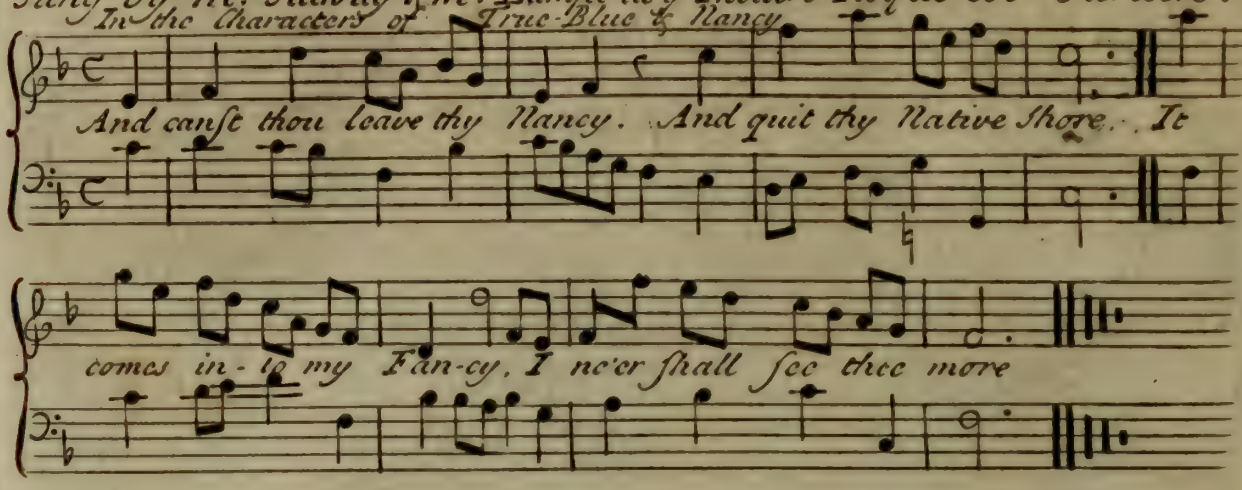
A Dialogue after the Manner of Horace.

Sung by Mr Salway & Mrs Lampe at ye Theatre Royal Covt Garden.

In the Characters of True-Blue & Nancy



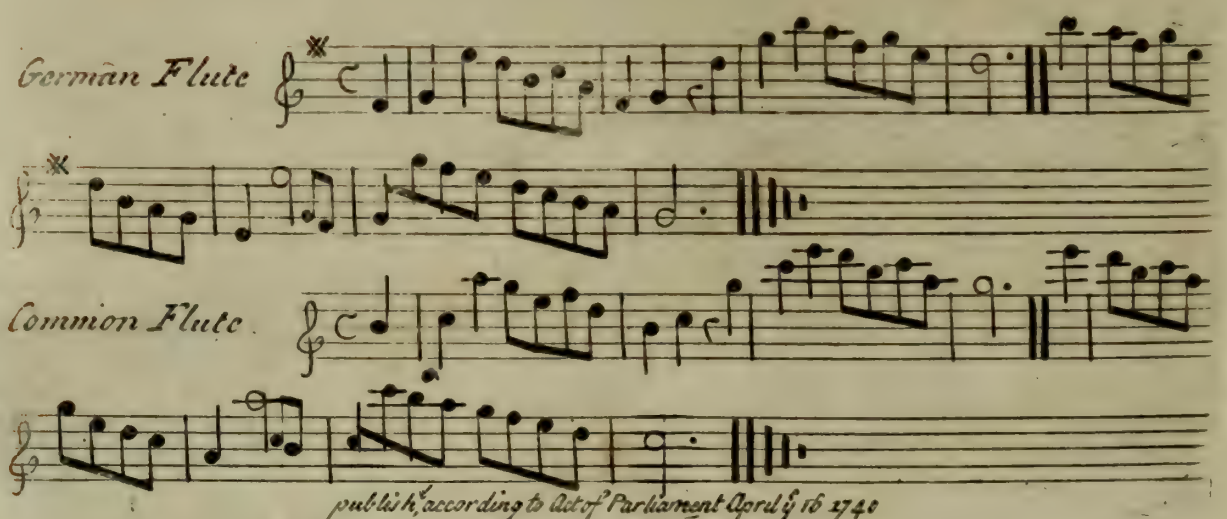
He
Yes I must leave my Nancy
To humble haughty Spain,
Let Fear ne'er fill thy Fancy,
For we shall meet again.

She
Amidst the foaming Billows,
When Thund'ring Cannons roar,
You'll think on these green Willows,
And wish your Self on Shore.

He
I fear not Land or Water,
I fear not Sword or Fire,
For Sweet Revenge and Slaughter,
Are all that I Desire.

She
May Guardian Gods protect Thee,
From Water, Fire, or Steel,
And may no Fears affect Thee,
Like those which now I feel

He
I leave to Heav'ns Protection,
My Life my only Dear,
You have my Souls Affection,
So still conclude me here.



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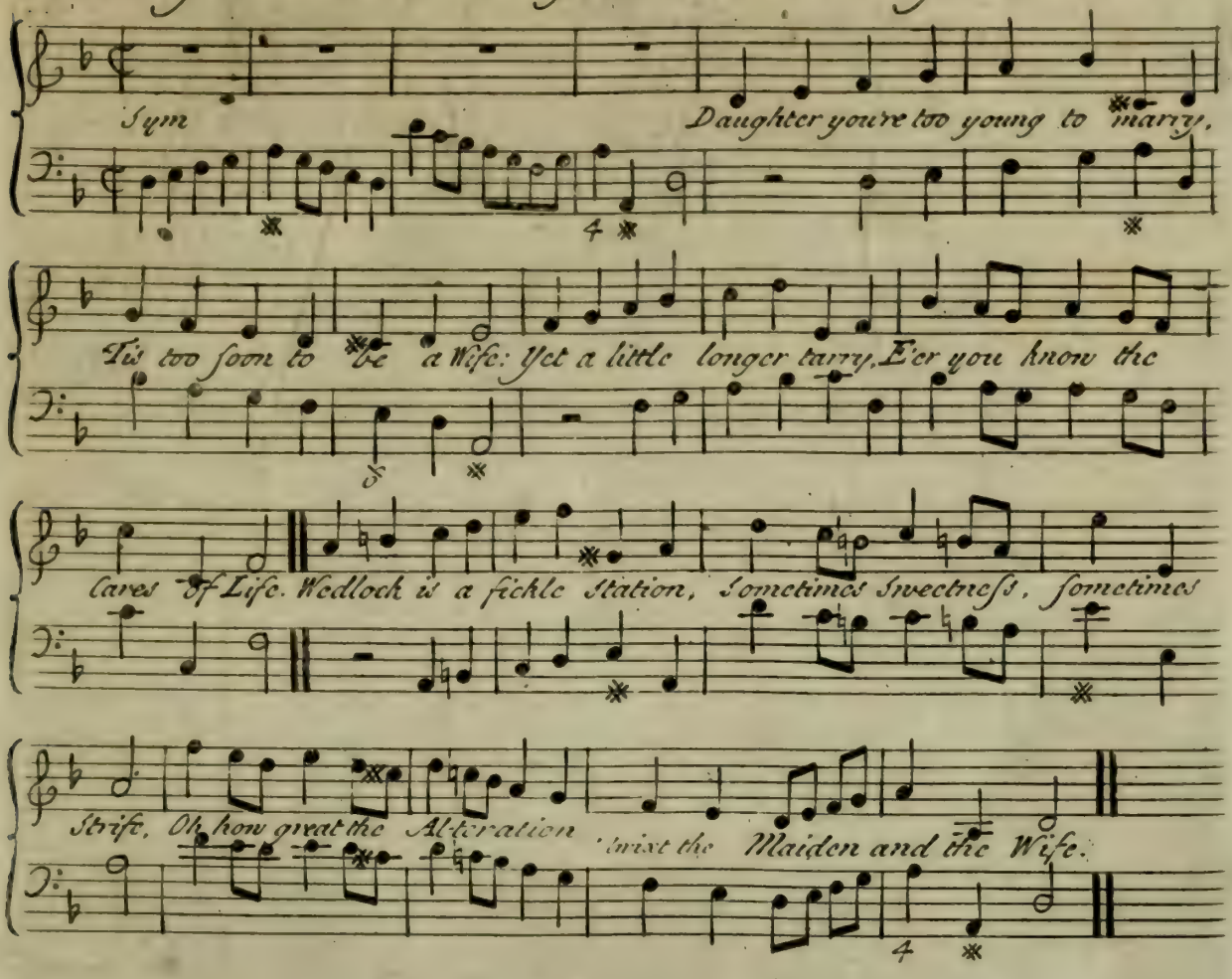
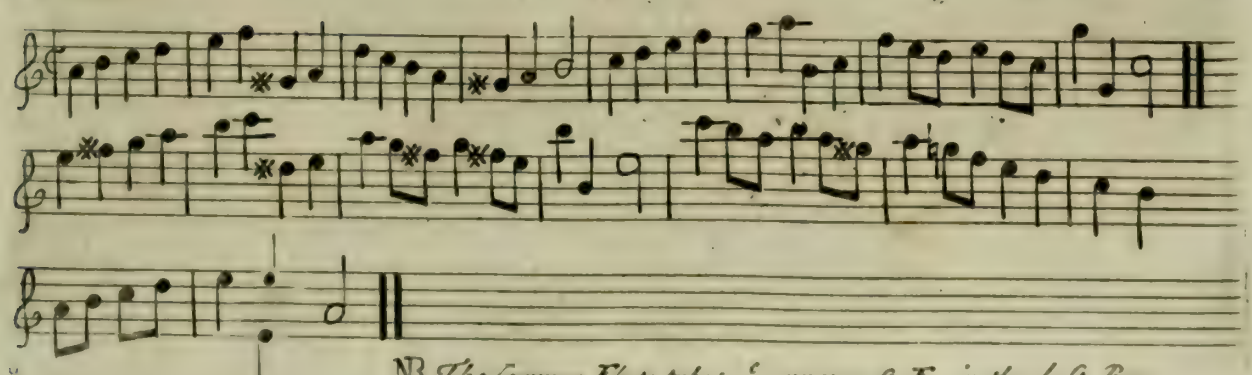
Careful. Sung by Mr. Leveridge at ye Theatre Royal Covent Garden. In Nancy, or the Parting Lovers.


Sym
Daughter you're too young to marry,
'Tis too soon to be a Wife: yet a little longer tarry, E'er you know the
Cares of Life. Wedlock is a fickle Station, Sometimes Sweetness, sometimes
Strife. Oh how great the Alteration 'twixt the Maiden and the Wife.

2

Love and courtship are but stupid,
Glory has superior charms;
Mars shou'd triumph over Cupid,
When Bellona calls to Arms.
As for you, Sir, do your Duty;
Oh! were I but young again,
I'd not linger after Beauty,
But go play my Part with Spain.

Flute.



NB. The common Flute takes ye uppermost E. in the last Bar.

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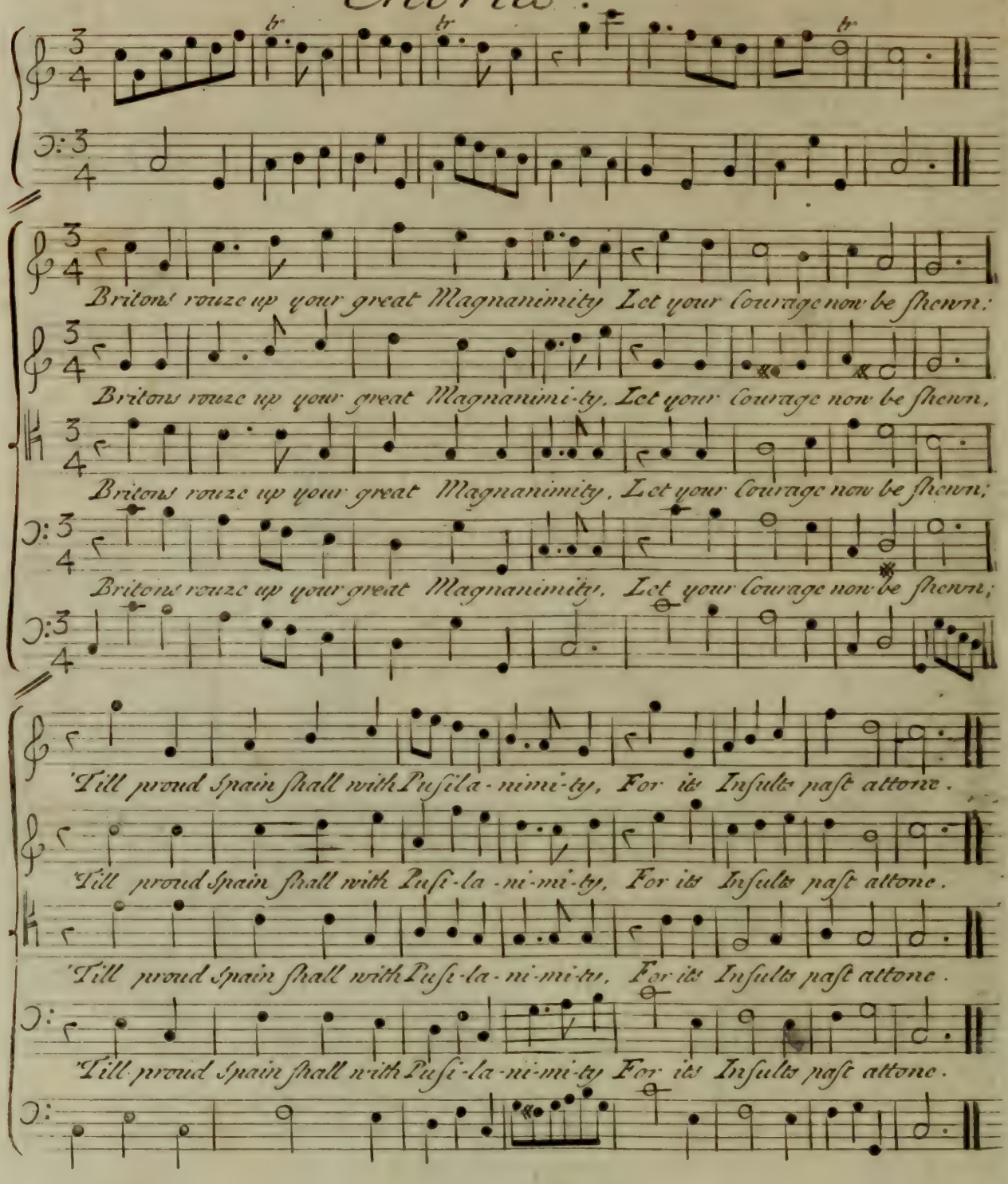
Chorus.


Britons rouze up your great Magnanimity Let your Courage now be shewn:
Britons rouze up your great Magnanimi-ty, Let your Courage now be shewn,
Britons rouze up your great Magnanimity, Let your Courage now be shewn;
Britons rouze up your great Magnanimity, Let your Courage now be shewn;
'Till proud Spain shall with Pusi-la-nimi-ty, For its Insults past attone.
'Till proud Spain shall with Pusi-la-ni-mi-ty, For its Insults past attone.
'Till proud Spain shall with Pusi-la-ni-mi-ty, For its Insults past attone.
'Till proud Spain shall with Pusi-la-ni-mi-ty For its Insults past attone.

2

What your Ancestors won so victoriously,
Crown'd with Conquests in the Field,
Still maintain while your Foes most ingloriously,
To your just Resentment yield.

3

Death, or Victory now must determinate,
All Disputes with haughty Spain;
That proud Race we'll entirely exterminate,
Or be Masters of the Main.

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